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VERSES







# HAILEYBURY VERSES,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

TWO CANTABS.

JAMES

Cambridge:

W. METCALFE AND SON, TRINITY STREET.

1876.

**CAMBRIDGE :**  
**PRINTED BY W. METCALFE AND SON, TRINITY STREET.**

TO

MRS. E. H. BRADBY,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY KINDNESSES

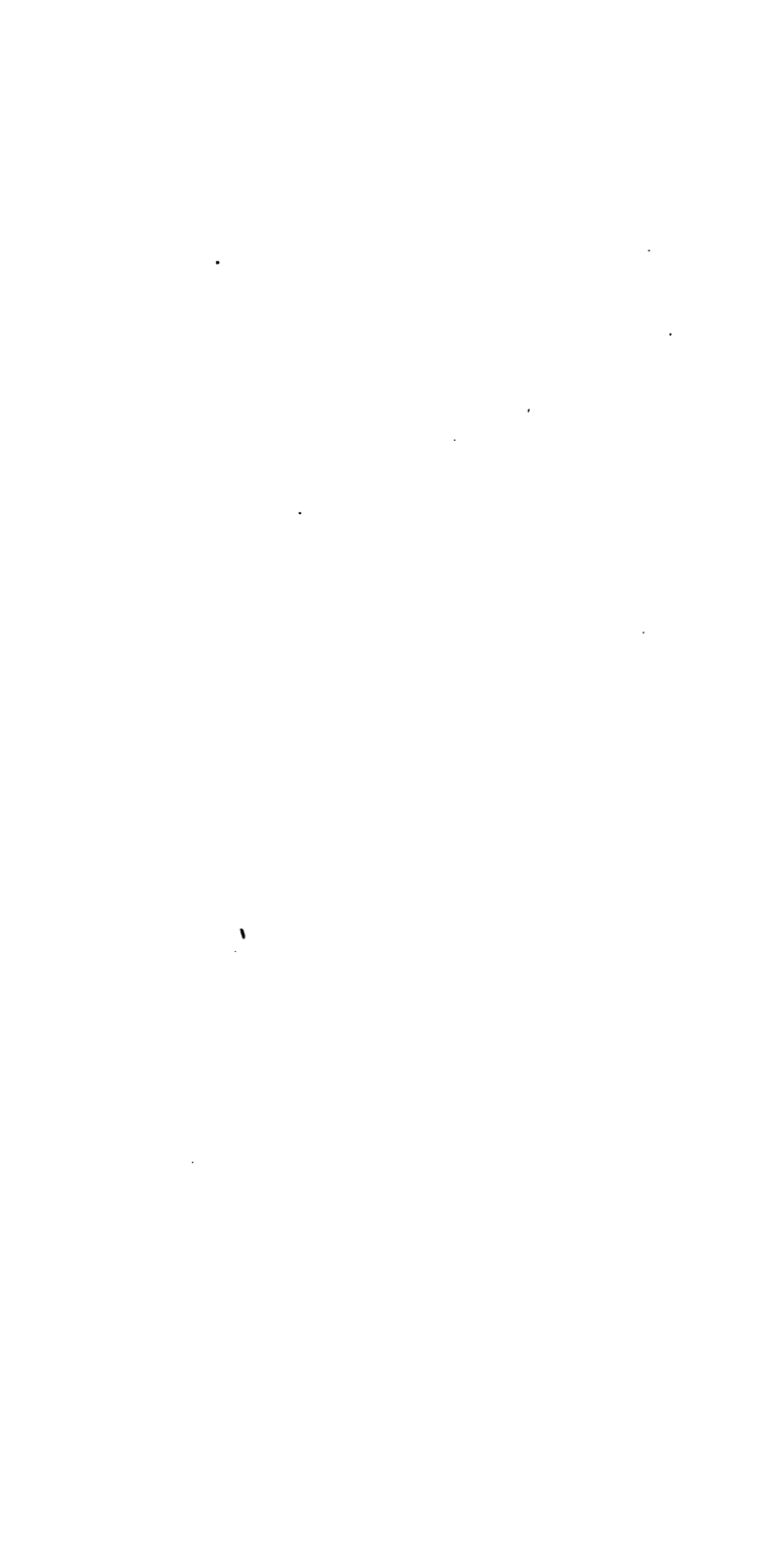
TO THE SCHOOL AND TO OURSELVES

*This Little Book*

IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

**N**O one seems to think a book complete without a Preface, and though this humble

Collection of Verses scarcely seems to need any formal introduction to that narrow circle which will probably supply the majority of its readers, we cannot neglect the opportunity of thanking those who have allowed us to make use of their compositions. Prominent among these is the name of F. W. Bourdillon, under whose various signatures a large portion of the following selection first appeared.

This debt of gratitude being discharged, we have only to apologise for attempting that which we have attempted, and to hope that our efforts may meet with the approval of those who shall take up this result of our thoughts and labours.

S. R. J.

G. H. B.

CAMBRIDGE,  
*March, 1876.*



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 ERRATUM.

P. 47, line 3, *for* Cantus *read* Cautus.

## SURSUM CORDA.

THERE lives within the breast of all  
A secret half-unknown desire,  
That bids us fly to face the fire,  
And rush to greet the battle-call;

Which ever says, 'Tis better far  
To strive and struggle e'en to death,  
Than to give up a peaceful breath  
That ne'er has quickened at the war.

So in the spring of boyhood's years  
High beats the heart for noble things,  
Nor ever there ambition clings  
Less daring than to touch the spheres.

Then comes the cold world's withering scorn,  
That bids us Look before we leap,  
And only shews the hill is steep,  
Not, On the height begins the morn.

Thus many a noble heart is stayed  
    To linger on the ignoble plain ;  
    To truckle for a soulless gain,  
And learn the tricks and shifts of trade.

And few will face the idler's sneer,  
    And claim in faith where nought is seen,  
    Believing that the pure serene  
Above the clouds lives cloudless, clear.

Still though half-buried, all forgot,  
    In all yet lives the voice of old,—  
    To strive and struggle with the bold  
Is better than a peaceful lot.

Half-buried, nay, nigh wholly dead ;  
    And yet when some more noble soul  
    Has dared to climb, has gained the goal,  
*All* weave the laurel for his head.

F. W. B.

## ALPHABETICA EDITORIANA.

A WAS the Author, just rising sixteen,  
 B was the Box of the new Magazine;  
 C the Contents, as they first met the eye,  
 D the Depression occasioned thereby.  
 E was the Editors' fond expectation,  
 F was their Failure to feel admiration;  
 G was the Ghost of its chance to succeed,  
 H the "more Haste" that engendered "worse  
 speed."

I WAS the author's Ink, blacker than night,  
 J was his Mitchell—pen peerless to write;  
 K was the Knotty point, how to begin,  
 L was the Lack of ideas flowing in.  
 M was the Man who thought fit to pooh-pooh,  
 N was the "Never" he said it would "do."  
 O was the Oil by the author consumed,  
 P was the Praise in the distance that loomed,  
 Q was the Quiz, who nor pitied, nor spared,  
 R was the single Rush nobody cared;  
 S was the Spelling of one poor "rejected;"  
 T was the Tiptoe, on which he expected.  
 U are the Public—don't turn up your eyes,  
 For (V) its no Vunder that b'ys should be b'ys;  
 W's a Writer, whose wits seem precarious,  
 X, Y and Z are his signatures various.

X. Y. Z.

B 2



## HENRY I.

"I HEAR them whispering round me, how that  
since

The day of William's death no sunny smile  
Has rent the thick impervious dismal mist  
That gathers o'er my heart, and rises up  
To dim mine eyes with exhalation sucked  
From out that poisonous fen.

They'd have me smile!

Why look you,—yonder barren oak, that God  
Struck with winged fire full summers five ago,  
Shall *it* begin to thrill with sudden life,  
And bear soft leaflets once again to play  
With wanton winds, and echo back the laugh  
Of the long grass that waves around it's stem?  
Shall this thing be? Yea, sooner shall it be  
Than that the sun shall see me smile once more.

O that the sea had lifted up her voice!  
O that all winds that ever rough'd the waves  
Had burst their bondage, all together leapt  
Upon the startled ocean, lashed the deep  
To fury, hurled the crashing billows back  
Tumultuous thunder on the booming shore!

O that no eye of man—that God alone,  
Who dwells in His majestic deep repose  
Above the raging of the waterflood  
Had seen that vessel wrapped in deepest gloom  
Stagger like a man drunken with much wine,  
Stagger and stumble, sink and rise no more!  
Then had he died a monarch's death, and I  
Had like a monarch borne whatever fate  
God pleased to send, whether to sink with him  
O'erwhelmed in the self-same storm, or left alone  
To mourn, as I do mourn, through many years.  
But now upon a soft and summer day,  
Beneath a calm and smiling summer sea  
Tamely to sink, most like an useless cur,  
With drunken sailors and a drunken mate  
To watch his failing efforts, and to share  
His grave beneath the billows—

O shame, shame!

Would God that I might die. Lend me thy arm;  
I am a broken man. O let me die."

ANCIENT.

## AN OLD ORCHARD.

SEVEN trees within the orchard grew  
By storm of shower or stealth of dew;  
Spring broke their blossom into light,  
And when soft summer had warmed them through,  
Sere leaves hung there and fruit-balls bright,  
Red-gold against the burning blue.

The wings of many birds all day  
Beat there, and butterflies at play  
Flew circling in the boughs above;  
While on the under-grass there lay  
Soft shapes the winds and sunbeams wove,  
Like dim drowned flowers that swing and sway.

When like a sword the sharp noon-light  
Smote blindly down with fire and blight,  
Their presence stole the heat like dew,  
As when Day's ebbing flood leaves bright  
Her pebbled floor, whose gold shines through  
The deepening of the tides of Night.

Loud as a lyre of seven sweet strings,  
The swift wind's subtle fingerings  
Swept through them : they loved more to gaze,  
Silent thro' lifted hands, where springs  
The full moon, seen as God's own face  
By shuddering angels through shut wings.

---

For then the weak moon-wine that spills  
From her pearl cup flows down and fills  
Blanching all night their furrowed seams,  
And sleeps along their side, and stills  
The hid green heart with silver dreams  
Of Fauns and Fairy-haunted hills.

Till from the mute sky's redd'ning lip  
The sun bursts like a burning ship  
Far out at sea: then would they wake  
Wind-stirred, or startled by the grip  
Of some bird's feet, whose silvery shake  
Sets all their dazzling dew's adrip.

Round them half-ruined, half still upright  
An old wall ran; the starred eye-bright  
Grew there, and poppies like blood shed,  
Night-shade, and whortles eyed like night,  
And wild-grape vines that clung and fled—  
Each globe's gloomed velvet touched with light.

Wherein if any creature stood  
Of brutish heart or violent mood,  
The colours and calm air could tame  
His nature and attune his blood  
From baneful thoughts and things of blame  
To what was beautiful and good.

Yea, had one sinned the grievous sin,  
To have scorned love, not lived herein,  
Nor worshipped any loveliness,  
That hour his whole heart would begin  
To beat with faint new eagerness  
Toward that which in the end shall win.

For all those fruits and flowers, the trees,  
The weak green grasses at their knees,  
Found secret powers to steal away  
Men's hearts to their own harmonies—  
So fared this orchard night and day,  
Which God make blossom and increase.

APIS.

---

  
EPIGRAM.

You ask why Homer's called divine,  
And Virgil heavenly rated?  
As habitants of heaven they shine,  
Because they've been *translated*.

F. W. B.

## TO A FRIEND.

THE night is calm, and lo! my friend,  
Far out upon the sea  
The tiny image of a star  
Is dancing merrily.

The ocean's toy, it seems to be,  
And each inconstant wave  
Has power to raise it into sight,  
Or hide it in its 'grave.

Yet how in yonder cloudless heaven,  
Unconquerably bright,  
The parent star unmoved displays  
Her luxury of light——

Ah! fair beyond the power of change,  
Or touch of age or storm,  
In placid strength retaining still  
Her great primeval form!

And such is truth to sight divine;  
To you, my friend, and me,  
The fickle reflex of a star  
Upon a shifting sea.

F. W. G.

## IABEIROXOΦONTHΣ.

*(Through the Looking Glass. "Jabberwocky.")*

## CARMEN SPECULARE.

TORRE erat, et celeres, viscosa animalia, Tovi  
 Undique gyranur gimbuliantque simul :  
 Torre erat, et Borogophia, inepta, misella,  
 vagantur,  
 Errantesque crepant <sup>1</sup>hinnululantque rathi.  
 "Heus! fuge Iabberochum, fuge ineluctabile  
 monstrum,  
 Cui lacerant fauces, ungula, sæva rapit!  
 Jubjubiam volucrem monitus fuge semper, et, oro,  
<sup>2</sup>Grutulis insidias, spes mea, Bandirapæ!"  
 Haud mora, vorpalem dextrâ cito corripit ensem,  
<sup>3</sup>Manxile sed vanâ jam petit arte malum :  
 Ergo te subter, Tumtummia, constitit, arbos,  
 Et mentem huc illuc dividit ille suam.  
 Anxius impatiensque diu meditatur, et ecce,  
 Expectatus adest, instat Iabberochus!

<sup>1</sup> Torre : nomen indecl : a torrendo cf. "mane,"

<sup>2</sup> Hinnululant : i.e. hinnitu ululant, vel ululatu hinniunt.

<sup>3</sup> Grutulis : verbum esotericum, quod frumiositatem quandam, si placet, exprimit.

<sup>4</sup> Manxile : quod manet, h. e. latet.

Torva videns, <sup>1</sup>sifflata sonans, curritque volatque,  
 Per nemus <sup>2</sup>obscuvium, burbuleransque furit!  
 Jamque ferit, bis terque ferit; per membra, per  
 artus,  
 Crip-crepitu diro fecerat ensis iter;  
 Et caput abscissum <sup>3</sup>prostratæ in pulvere pestis  
 Rettulit, exclamans, Trumphe! Galumphe!  
 domum.  
 "Quid? tu Jabberochum, monstrum fatale,  
 necasti?"  
 (Sic pater amplexus), "<sup>4</sup>lustrigerate puer!"  
 "O jubilosa dies," reboat, "Callôque calæque!"  
 Lætitiâque satur chortulat ore senex.

<sup>1</sup> Sifflata: onomatop: Anglicé "whiffing."

<sup>2</sup> Obscuvium, i.e. obscurum, invium.

<sup>3</sup> Mira certe et exquisita literarum collocatio! Nonne vides, lector acutissime, non modo mortuum, sed jamjam putrescens et foetidum cadaver?

<sup>4</sup> Lustrigerate: qui de rebus gestis illustris factus es.



## LOVE THE WEAVER.

I WATCHED Love weaving dreams : across the loom  
 Stretched firm, immovable, the warp I saw  
 The dull realities of Fate's stern law,  
 Dark threads, and sombre, stretched to unseen  
 doom.

But Love stood by, and with swift hand shot  
 through

The warp bright Fancy's shuttle, with a thread  
 Of golden unreality, that shed  
 Through all the web a bright and radiant hue ;

So that no more are seen the rigid lines  
 Of dark, unchanging destiny ; but all

The perfect web with undimmed lustre shines ;

But morn came, and Love fled, and I saw fall  
 From the fair tissue every golden gleam,  
 And woke to weep that life was not that  
 dream.

F. W. B.

## IN A TIME OF APATHY.

SAY, my friends, because no Zephyr  
Stirs the foliage overhead,  
And the lake is dark and silent,  
Deem ye that the land is dead?

There is life beyond the vision,  
Depths that move within the deep,  
Lethe's self rolls gently onward,  
All of slumber is not sleep.

Must ye wait till faith uncertain  
Borrows hope and strength from sight?  
Till ye see Aurora's fingers  
Clutching at the pall of night?

Lo! she comes, the pure, the golden,  
Mounting o'er the sombre hill,  
And, behold, the waters waver  
Which before ye thought were still.

N. A. C.

## FRIENDSHIP.

## A SATIRE.

"TOMKINS? why he and I are best of friends,  
 He sits near me in hall, and often sends  
 His jellies, jam, and such-like for my tea;  
 'Tis kind of him, yes, very! but you see  
 He is such a little ass! I'm sure you think  
 With me, old fellow. Why you cannot wink  
 At *all* his faults. He works so fearfully hard;  
 First, there's the Cæsar—then there's Collis' card.  
 His father didn't send him here to waste  
 His time—'*look out, σβέρινυ,—do make haste.*'  
 I can't abide, I never could nor shall,  
 That sort of fellow: if you chance to fall  
 Asleep, he pokes you up. '*O do come on,*  
*It's nearly struck the quarter—do come on!*'  
 'Twixt you and me (of course I don't say this  
 To everyone), I think the fellow is  
 A bit conceited; struts about the place,  
 Head up in air with quite a kingly grace.  
 (Do look, how poor old Simson stoops! he too  
 Is somewhat of an idiot—what say you?)  
 I hate conceit! Besides, you know, they say  
 His character is not as clear as day."

So chattered Jones a summer afternoon,  
And had I listened, would have told me soon  
Dark tales against poor Tomkins' fairest fame:  
Such Friendship is, at best, a hollow name!  
When will ye learn this lesson, and begin  
To love the sinner while ye hate the sin?

P.

---

ACROSTIC.

B ELOVED founder, watchful friend,  
U pon the sea still guide and tend  
T he helm, that steers the bark.  
L et all who here light learning's flame,  
E 'er influenced by thy cherished name,  
R etain true wisdom's spark.

A. C. C.

## A SIMILE.

HIS soul is like the calm pure lake  
    Embosomed 'mid the quiet hills  
    And fed by sweet perennial rills.  
There shy wild creatures pause to slake  
Their burning thirst, or refuge take  
    In danger, weariness, or pain,  
And all life's troublous ills.

No clamour of the world can mar  
    Its grand and holy solitude;  
    No din of strife, nor laughter rude,  
But peacefully it lieth, far  
Beyond all sounds of hate and war  
    That rage below, by God's soft rain  
From heaven each day renewed.

The lights and shades of changing skies  
    Its changeless depths still truly show,  
    And all the glory and the glow  
Of sun or stars that set and rise.  
The mirror of God's heaven it lies,  
    Unruffled, deep, without a stain,  
Itself a heaven below.

W. E. H.

## FLORENCE.

TIME was when Mars ruled all the Tuscan land,  
 Death in his glance, Destruction in his hand ;  
 When friends were few, and foes on every side,  
 And each small clan each and all else defied.  
 Then did the hardy sires of Fœsulœ  
 Choose them a rugged hill their home to be ;  
 Like eagle's eyrie perched upon the height,  
 Their fort they fixed, and sallied thence to fight.  
 But years sped fast, and Peace with flying feet  
 Lighted at last on their rock-built retreat.  
 Then those rough hands, with blood and iron  
     dyed,  
 Laid by the spear and flung the shield aside ;  
 The cankering rust consumed the idle sword,  
 And Mars no more, but Concord was adored.  
 Then from her cradling hills the infant town  
 To wider lands and richer fields stepped down ;  
 Where, fed by Arno's stream, the fertile vale  
 Smiled welcome to the winepress and the flail.  
 Fair buildings rose, and soon through many a  
     street  
 Was heard the voice of men, the tramp of feet.

Years but increased her riches and her fame,  
Till reached to Rome the echo of her name.  
Then did the Empress city thither send  
Her colonists their help and strength to lend,  
New arts of peace to their new homes they  
brought,

New deeds of daring their new brothers taught.

Ah! Florence, since those days of early pride,  
How oft has ebb'd and flow'd thy Fortune's tide!  
With what a struggle hast thou kept thy place,  
With what stern strength amid the human race!  
See, the barbarian hordes<sup>1</sup> are at thy gate,  
And on thy valour hangs thy country's fate!  
The reeking air is sickened with the smell  
Of human sacrifice and rites of hell;  
While by his gods has sworn the savage foe,  
Save death, no mercy to demand or show.  
Well was it then for Italy and thee  
Thou had'st not lost the arts of Fœsulœ,  
And those same hands that wont to gather gold,  
The steel could temper and the hilt could hold.  
Stoutly thy gallant sons rose up to fight  
For wives and children, liberty and right;  
Stoutly they fought, until the welcome aid  
Their struggles ended and their valour paid.

---

<sup>1</sup> Radagaisus, A.D. 405.

We will not pause o'er Lombards and their fall  
Beneath a monarch mightier than them all.  
Charlemagne, thy deeds deserve a grander pen,  
And record separate from vulgar men !  
Only let Florence boast with noble pride  
That thou wast once her ruler and her guide.  
Freedom thy pattern and thy precepts taught,  
And 'twas for freedom first the city fought.

A haughty mandate from a haughty lord ;—  
“ Shall Florentines obey an emperor's<sup>1</sup> word ?  
“ Freedom ! ” they cried, and started to the sword.  
Where soft Cascioli swells towards the sky  
They take their stand to conquer or to die.  
The morning rose upon a bloodless field ;  
At midday to and fro the contest reeled ;  
The sunset gilds the Florentines' success ;  
Night hides in gloom the routed foe's distress.

But must sweet Peace, rare visitant of earth,  
To factions and unnatural war give birth ?  
Brother 'gainst brother lifts a hostile hand,  
And bares the blade, and lights the wasting brand.  
Then as we sweep through storms of civil strife,<sup>2</sup>  
And view her struggling with herself for life ;

---

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Henry VII. of Germany, A.D. 1113.

<sup>2</sup> The Feuds of Guelphs and Ghibellines.



And mark fierce Walter's<sup>1</sup> havoc till the cry  
"Popolo, Popolo," bids him turn and fly;  
Lo through the darkness of fresh feuds<sup>2</sup> we see  
The dawn of daylight and the Medici.  
Great Sire<sup>3</sup>! the well-earned title on thy tomb  
Bids thee, though dead, in memory ever bloom!  
Great Son!<sup>4</sup> What pen can give thee all thy  
praise,  
Can chronicle aright thy deeds and days?  
No diadem of conquest crowns thy head,  
No suppliant lands bow at thy feet in dread;  
Thy brow the laurels of the learned bind,  
To show the mightier victory of the mind.  
Thy palace was the treasure-house of art,  
Yet science too had there an honoured part;  
And wondering strangers, drawn from every land,  
Met there a welcome at thy courteous hand.  
Fortune has showered her favours on thy line;  
Fame stripped her golden wings to gild thy  
princely shrine.  
Fain would I linger in thy tranquil beam,  
In soft illusions of delight to dream;

---

<sup>1</sup> Gualtier de Brienne, leader of mercenaries.

<sup>2</sup> The Albizzi and the Ricci. Siding with the former were the house of the Medici.

<sup>3</sup> Cosmo; when he died, his citizens engraved "Pater Patriæ" on his tomb.

<sup>4</sup> Lorenzo il Magnifico.

And see thee, as a poet might, once more,  
Give back to Earth the Golden Age of yore.  
Fain would my Fancy thus thy deeds behold,  
And take in childlike faith thy brass for gold.  
But in thy dazzling halls there waits a shade;  
It haunts thy board, thy bed, thyself arrayed  
In all the pomp thy wealth and will have made.  
See, spite of Fame and Fortune, envious Death,  
Sparing thy riches, robs thee of thy breath!

Ah, then what terrors, when the adventurous foe,<sup>1</sup>  
To waste fair Florence, dares the Alpine snow!  
The gifts of her Lorenzo,—all the grace  
Of arts and learning barbarous hands deface.  
The sage's lore, the sculptor's imagery  
Dishonoured, trampled in the dust now lie!

But stay! Let Clio, History's muse, assume  
The tale of Florence at Lorenzo's tomb;  
While there Calliope shall pause, nor deign  
With wingless prose to match her soaring strain.  
Only I would not leave their names unsung  
Who have by poet's pen, or teacher's tongue,  
By painter's pencil, or by other fame  
Won Florence and themselves a deathless name.

Thee first, great teacher,<sup>2</sup> shall my feeble lay  
Attempt to crown, but not with short-lived bay:

---

<sup>1</sup> Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy A.D. 1494.

<sup>2</sup> Savonarola.

Lét the frail laurel-leaf gird round his head  
Who in the earthly race has swiftest sped;  
Or who, best champion in the Olympian fight,  
Has met the meed of valour and of might.  
But thee, inspirèd messenger of heaven,  
Thee angel hands another crown have given;  
The deathless palms, that round thy temples twine,  
Thyself a martyr speak, thy strife divine.  
The pope might persecute, the prince might  
spurn;  
Rage and contempt could not thy purpose turn;  
And so when all thy fight on earth was done,  
Thy labours ended, and thy race well run,  
The torturing fires that seized thy mortal clay  
But sped thy spirit to a purer day.

Then, thronging to the ranks of earth's renown,  
How many a head we view that claims a crown!  
Historian, poet, painter, sculptor, sage,  
Ennoble Florence and adorn their age.  
Lo there great Galileo, whose clear eyes  
First found the way to pierce the starry skies;  
Whom prejudice and priestcraft vainly tried  
To drag from fame, and in dishonour hide.  
Thee next, my muse would mention, mighty  
bard,<sup>1</sup>  
Whom, living, fortune robbed of due reward;

---

<sup>1</sup> Dante; who died poor and broken-hearted at Ravenna.

To whom stern poverty and exile gave  
An alien deathbed and an alien grave.  
Ah, who can fitly all his wonders tell,  
Who saw through Life and Death, through Heaven  
and Hell?

A feeble recompense poor men assign,  
And call the poet and his works "Divine."

See there a host of those whose docile hands  
Could fashion forth their fancy's bright commands,  
First from the dust and ruin of the years  
The limner's art great Cimabue rears;  
And as he ceases from his earthly race,  
A worthy pupil<sup>1</sup> takes the master's place.  
He, too, whose heart and hand did neither faint<sup>2</sup>  
Heaven's glory part revealed on earth to paint;  
Who wrought such angel faces, man might say  
A soul he'd painted and forgot the clay.  
And thou, great Michael! which shall best befit  
Thy graceful hand and wonder-working wit?  
The sculptor's chisel, making marbles men,  
The painter's brush, the gentler poet's pen?  
Fallen has the chisel from the master's hand;  
Colours no more gain life at his command;

---

<sup>1</sup> Giotto.

<sup>2</sup> Raphael! masterpiece, the Transfiguration; famous for his Madonnas.

The fancies from his brain long since have fled,  
Yet do his works live on, memorials of the dead.

Such were the men who raised great Florence  
far

Above the empty fame of feats of war;  
And thus have won themselves a worthy place  
In records of their city and their race.

And now, fair Florence, mighty theme, farewell!  
Pardon my faults who thus thy fortunes tell!  
Let others crown thee with less stunted bays;  
Let others give thee all thy rightful praise;  
But I, unfledged in poet's art, yet fear  
Thy dazzling glory to approach too near;  
Lest while I strive my weakling wings to fly,  
And seek, like Icarus, to soar too high,  
Like Icarus I headlong chance to fall,  
To be the pity or the scorn of all.

F. W. B.

Q. HORATII  
FLACCI HAILEYBURIENSIS.

LIB. I. CARM. I.

SIS, Indis proavis Editor edite,  
Nostrum præsidium ; sint decus hæc tuum !  
Sunt quos folliculum pulvere sordidum,  
Ipsos eximio pulvere sordidos,  
Vel calcure juvat *lite domesticâ*,<sup>1</sup>  
Vel *deponere humi*;<sup>2</sup> metaque fervidis  
Oppugnata *Viris*,<sup>3</sup> palmaque, *Pileum*,  
*Ludorum dominos*<sup>4</sup> evehit ad Deos.  
Est qui sæpe manet sub Jove frigido,  
*Huc illuc*,<sup>5</sup> (teneri gutturis immemor,)  
“Guttâ” sive *agilans*<sup>5</sup> folliculum “loco,”  
Luctantes pueris hic pueros timens,  
Et merces *Juvenis* laudat et otium.  
Mox nummi fugiunt, et vacuam gemit

---

<sup>1</sup> House practice.

<sup>2</sup> To have it down.

<sup>3</sup> “Men,” meaning “boys,” an objectionable, but, alas! too common use of the figure Hyperbole.

<sup>4</sup> Committee of Games.

<sup>5</sup> Punting about.

Zonam. Discat iners pauperiem pati!  
 Est qui nec refugit Lexicon utile,  
 Nec docti Smithii vasta volumina,  
 Prosâ difficili *stratus*<sup>1</sup> hebes caput.  
 At nos illa juvant prælia matribus  
 Detestata, juvat nobile *sub jugo*  
*Certamen*,<sup>2</sup> stabilis nos juvat et *phalanx*.<sup>3</sup>  
 Si donent (ita sit!) me quoque Pileo,  
 Sublimi feriam sidera Pileo!

SERIUS.

---

<sup>1</sup> Vulgo "floored."

<sup>2</sup> Maul in goal.

<sup>3</sup> Scrimmage.

## THE PHOENIX.

*A Haileybury Song, to the tune of "So hurrah for the  
pipe so rich and ripe," &c.*

A BIRD there was in days of old  
 (Each one the story knows),  
 Who birth did claim from a nest on flame,  
 And a dying mother's throes.  
 And we are like that bird of yore,  
 And we like her were born;  
 We drew life-breath from a parent's death,  
 Left lone but not forlorn.

*(Chorus.)*

So here's to all whose deeds have won  
 For Haileybury glory!  
 Ours be the aim to uphold their fame,  
 And prove the Phoenix story.

We boast no kingly founder's name,  
 We boast no royal clan;  
 Of a sterner mould were those of old,  
 Our glory who began.



We train no dainty sons of wealth,  
To dance with luxury's daughters ;  
In the torrid zone our name is known,  
Where Ganges rolls his waters.

*Chorus*—So here's to all, &c.

Then let us for our motto each  
Our "Sursum Corda" take ;  
And upward still with a sturdy will  
Our path to honour make.  
We will not shrink from danger's call,  
We will not turn from toil,  
Till a nobler fame shall crown our name,  
Where'er is British soil.

*Chorus*—So here's to all, &c.

F. W. B.

“NIL ADMIRARI NISI MORTEM ET  
AMOREM.”

If it were offered me to live  
 A life of perfect, pure content,  
 With all that power or wealth could give  
 Of peaceful ease with fair fame blent:  
 And only this condition laid—  
 That I forever put away  
 The hopes and fears, of which is made  
 The life of Love from day to day:  
 This one condition should destroy  
 All longing for such happiness,  
 For such calm, unempassioned joy,  
 Where Love could neither bann or bless.  
 For what were wealth, with none to deck—  
 An idol in a golden shrine?  
 And what should I of glory reck  
 If mine it were, but only mine?  
 And what were power, if there were none  
 Before whose feet to fling it down?  
 No queen to raise on golden throne,  
 No brow to bind with jewelled crown?

Philosophers may sing the praise  
Of life that has nor smiles nor tears,  
Contentment, and untroubled days,  
Unfired by love, unthrilled by fears,

But I love not the peaceful sea  
That glassy to the sunshine lies,  
So well as when the waves run free,  
And toss their foam crests to the skies.

And spite of all the tempest's power,  
And spite of yawning gulfs and graves,  
He only knows real pleasure's hour,  
Who dares the dangers of the waves.

So I will go where Love may lead,  
O'er dancing waves or tempest's rage,  
For though stern now may be his reed,  
Sweet will hereafter be his wage.

And still my feet shall follow Love,  
In spite of all his whims and wiles,  
Content the time of tears to prove,  
That I may win the time of smiles.

RIO.

## THE INCOMPARABLE.

Who is he that would compare  
 To a rose his maiden fair?  
 May he find her like a rose!  
 Though no fairer flower blows,  
 None a sweeter fragrance throws,  
 Would he seek her for his own,  
 May he grasp the thorns alone!

Who is he with diamond rare  
 Would his dearest love compare?  
 May he find her like the stone!  
 Though more lustrous be there none,  
 Peerless though she shine alone,  
 May she when he seeks her love,  
 Cold and hard as diamond prove!

Who is he that will compare  
 None but Venus to his fair?  
 May she Venus prove indeed!  
 Though she to his love give heed,  
 Smiles and favours be his meed,  
 Would he claim her as his own,  
 May he find her flavour flown!

**"THE STUDENT'S GREASE."**

Who is he that with his fair  
Nothing finds that can compare?  
May she sweet as roses be,  
Diamond like in brilliancy,  
Fair as Venus' self to see,  
Yet may all her beauty prove  
Faint beside her passing love!

C. V.

---

**"THE STUDENT'S GREASE."**

With "midnight oil" once men delighted  
To keep the "torch of learning" lighted;  
Then "whacks" came into requisition;  
Now all the rage is "composition."

R. I. O.

### “MY FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS.”

No comic *soccus* forms the theme, no tragical  
*cothurnus*,  
 No rustic *pero* swells the lay for gentlefolk to  
 spurn us,  
 No *calceus* too large or small will gall the foot  
 of Flaccus,  
 No Verres with his *solea* will venture to attack us.  
 No *Caliga*, the soldier's joy—their sportive name  
 for Caius,  
 No *crepida*, the *last* of all with cobbler's art shall  
 try us.  
 No ἔμβασις or ἐμβάτης or ἐμβάς if you like it,  
 No ἀρβόλη shall tune the lyre, no ἀρβυλὶς shall  
 strike it,  
 No ὑπόδημα prompts the song, no wing-endowed  
 πίδαλον,  
 Ὑπόδισις κάσσυμά τε which might have fitted  
 Cylon;—  
 All yield to these—e'en κρηπὶς self, though good  
 to walk a mile on,

'Tis none of these that stirs me now with delicate  
reminder,  
But as you've borne with me so long—I think it  
will be kinder  
To tell you what there is to tell with no more  
fuss and flurry,  
(And by-the-bye—I hope that you have not been  
in a hurry).  
Fond memories come over me—as over many  
another,  
Those little boots I first put on—the fondly  
gazing mother  
That saw them on—What matter that the sides  
were tight and pinching?  
The heels were high, they looked so nice, I  
couldn't think of flinching—  
Papa was called, and nurse, and all the servants  
to behold them,  
The lissom, light, elastic things, what kindness to  
have sold them!  
Tho' many a pair of boots since then have shod  
me, yet believe me,  
I ne'er have sorrowed half so much as when  
those had to leave me.

At "At.

## A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

SHOULD auld schoolfellows be forgot,  
 An' never brought to min';  
 Should auld schoolfellows be forgot,  
 An' days of auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e been new boys thegither,  
 An' swore we would combine,  
 In friendship that has lasted yet,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e had a fight—they say  
 Fights friendship firmer join—  
 We've been the better friends for it,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e quickly conned thegither  
 Our Horace, line by line;  
 But aft we've needed friendly help,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e kicked the flying ba',  
 An' strove to gain the line;  
 But fiercer tulzies ha'e we had  
 Sin' auld lang syne.



We twa ha'e paperchases ran,  
    (Your wind was waur nor mine);  
Life's been one weary paperchase  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e played at cricket, too,  
    To locking-up frae dine;  
More work, less play, waur health we've had,  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the heath,  
    An' hunted pigs an' kine;  
We've seldom had sic splendid sport  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e Tweedle<sup>1</sup> bonneted,  
    An' tied his hauns behin';  
But we've been bonneted oursels',  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

We gar'd him gae upon the grass,  
    Six prefects did him fine;  
He's had but few allowances,  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

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<sup>1</sup> The nickname of a certain inoffensive Prefect.—ED.

We twa ha'e brought hame loads of tam',  
Then bleezed our ingle fine;  
But aft we've sat down cauld an' weet  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e brewed the tea sae strong,  
And swore it was divine;  
But we ha'e tasted weaker tea  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e rackit baith our brains,  
To find a rhyme to -ine;  
We've written verses by the yard,  
Sin' auld lang syne,

An' gie's a haund, my trusty fiere,  
An' here's a haund o' mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

*Chorus*—For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

W.

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<sup>1</sup> Firewood; at a time when wood-fires in studies were greatly in vogue.—ED.

## SONNET—WINTER.

It is a wild exhilarating time,  
When Winter leaves his northern solitude  
To waste and conquer—while the storm and flood  
Are ringing forth their myriad-voicèd chime:  
Pale Autumn trembles at the sound sublime,  
Yields his dull empire o'er the faded wood,  
And shrinks away in his decrepitude.

What hath old age to do with manhood's prime?  
O listen how the wind is pealing far  
His spiritual music—echoing loud  
That valiant Winter to his own hath come!  
And see around that cold triumphant car  
The faint leaves hurried on—a shadowy crowd  
Of spectral captives from a sunny home!

J. H.

## THE SPIRIT OF SPACE.

POOR man! that gazest through this empty night,  
    Would'st know my name,  
    And who I am,  
That blind with veils of nothingness thy sight?  
That stand between thee and thy first desire  
    To span the space  
    Of time and place,  
And reach around thee high and higher,  
To guess the riddle of thy very birth,  
    And learn to see  
    What ye shall be,  
Now tiny atoms on a tiny earth!  
  
For where I wander through my realms alone  
    There's many an earth  
    Of fairer worth  
And brighter beauty than thine own:  
And on some flying cloud I rest and gaze  
    On hills, and trees,  
    And sunny seas  
Whose wavelets tremble in a purple haze.

Oft too I listen at the dawn of day,  
As loud and clear  
From sphere to sphere  
Wild waves of music break and die away.

The storms sweep by me in my vast abode,  
And soft and light  
I hear at night  
The wings of angels and the feet of God!  
Ye marvel—but ye could not deem that I  
Were not, or think  
There were some brink,  
Some canopy or coping to the sky.  
I know no bourne, nor bound, nor place,  
For I must be  
Eternally,  
The deathless spirit of unbounded space!

“QUIVIS.”

## BRITISH BIRDS.

NURSLING of Ocean, lovely northern isle,  
 On thee the seasons in their circles smile,  
 And chiefest spring, to tropic shores unknown,  
 Sheds all her charms, and claims thee for her  
 own!

What though thou art the land of mist and  
 cloud,

Thou shin'st the fairer for their purple shroud;  
 Fairer for lights and glooms, that form and fade,  
 To dash thy slopes with sunshine and with shade.  
 Thy windy forests, and thy laughing ghylls,  
 The verdurous hollows of thy summer hills,  
 The level mead, the thyme-clad upland high,  
 All charm the sense, all speak of liberty!  
 What marvel then that birds should hither come,  
 The many-voicèd Birds, to make their home;  
 To woo their loves with songs that never tire,  
 Till every bush and bough becomes a choir?  
 Ye are my theme, come, be my Muses, Birds,  
 And help me put your carols into words!

There is a music in the breezy sky,  
The trees have language, valleys shout for joy;  
The rush of many waters has a voice,  
The mountains echo, and the woods rejoice.  
But with the Birds this utterance is a strain  
That thrills each wood, and rings in every lane.  
Yes, tongue would fail to tell the name and tone  
Of all the birds that Britain calls her own;  
How each and all are framed to suit their wants,  
And fashioned for their habits and their haunts.  
The fluting Red-cap, or the shrilling Jay,  
The sudden-noted Corncrake in the hay,  
The stormy Gull, the cawing rookery,  
The stately Swan that sails serenely by,  
The bubbling Linnet, or the treble soft  
Of Bullfinch whistling through the meadow croft,  
The Yellowhammer, and the troops that love  
The lush-leaved marsh, the comfortable Dove,  
And all the birds for whom our civil powers  
Have bidden freedom in the woodland bowers—  
These haunt our path, these flutter round our ways,  
And seem a conscious part of all our days;  
They cheer the heart of Winter when they sing,  
And add fresh sweetness to the breath of Spring.

What time the wild winds riot in the wold,  
And snow-showers drive, and winter nights are  
cold;

When bourgeon all the forest trees, or when  
They yellow to the fall of year again;  
In rain, in sun, at break or set of day,  
The Robin's bright black eye and lively lay  
Meet us abroad, with many a prayer for food,  
And charm our homes, and cheer our solitude.  
In those bleak hours when Winter scarce is done,  
And April joys have only half begun,  
The Thrush rolls forth her little soul in song,  
Fronting the morning, liquid, loud, and strong,  
As if to tell the bud to ope her lip,  
And kiss the breeze that makes the hedge-row drip;  
To bid the flowers arise from death to bloom,  
And ferns to feather o'er their winter-tomb.  
Down in the valley, where the whit'ning sloes  
Deceive the eye with hope that may-thorn blows,  
She finds a mate, and schools her callow brood  
To carry on the strain through vale and wood.  
And these ere long in pride of wing and voice  
Shall warble late and early, and rejoice  
To challenge e'en the Lark to rivalry,  
When, rising from the uplands to the sky,  
He goes to sing in dewy depths afar  
On dawns of Summer, with the ling'ring star;  
And soars like souls in early morning prayer,  
Or falls as fast do those in deep despair.  
Loud Lark! though sweet thy song, and bold thy flight,  
Thou hast a matchless sister of the night,



Whose notes exceed in beauty even thine,  
So varied, so impassioned, so divine.  
And, as sweet perfume from a rose that dies,  
As snows fall lovely from unlovely skies,  
From that dusk throat there flows a torrent stream,  
Of melody so rich, that you would deem  
The watching moon with wondrous fingering  
Had touched her heart, and madd'ned her to sing.  
Her name is Nightingale—she pours her lay  
To God not man, to night and not to day.

What of the Halcyon? Off, as soon as seen,  
A flash of azure shot with gold and green,  
He loves the lonely places known to none  
Save dragon-flies, that circle in the sun ;  
And sets his fish-bone dwelling in a nook,  
Which sees, itself unseen, the running brook.  
'Tis there he plies his craft the banks along,  
The first in plumage, though the last in song.  
Perchance the Heron knows him, where she stands  
Ghost-like amid the mist in marish-lands :  
One leg drawn up, her head thrown back, as  
    though  
She mourned her race so sought for long ago :—  
But round her feet the ripples lap the weeds,  
And round her wings are restless restless reeds,  
And alders sigh, and waters dark and dank  
Sob deep among the crannies of the bank.

But, though so silent, mark she once her prey,  
A dash—true aim—and it is swept away.

What instinct urges yon far-wandering band,  
The Swallow and her fellows, to our land?  
What Power, as of hands that guide and save,  
Leads them from unknown shores across the wave  
It is that God who hears the Raven's cry,  
And knows the Sparrows when they fall and die,  
Who gave the Eagle all the breadth and length  
Of heaven for the greatness of his strength,  
And in dark nights of March men see them fly,  
And hear their pinions hurtling in the sky.

When in the heavy hush of summer-eves  
Aweary grow the lilies and the leaves,  
And every lane is still that in the sun  
Fluttered with roses, and the day is done;  
Then down the lichened paling, o'er the brake,  
Beside the coppice, round and round the lake,  
The darkling Dorhawk, swallow of the night,  
With burring note and wild mysterious flight,  
Doubles and dashes—now she loses poise  
Of pinion, and anon without a noise  
She plunges into darkness, to pursue  
The jumping gnat, that balked her as she flew.  
The Cuckoo, that strange harbinger that brings  
The influence of a summer on her wings,

Is somewhat like her, when, from holt to holt,  
She wakes the sheep, and starts the feeding colt,  
And tells her simple passage o'er and o'er  
Through whole spring mornings, till she can no  
more.

Think you the Starlings, blown about the sky,  
Fret for the loss of summer joys gone by;  
How erst they flitted round the sweet-breathed  
kine,  
Out in the pastures, where the sunbeams shine?  
I tell you nay—in spite of wind and rain,  
They know that sunny days will come again.  
But we, like cagelings in the dust and heat,  
Who never sang save in the crowded street,  
Entangled in the mystery of death,  
And self, and soul, O would that we had faith!  
Faith, and the flight of wings, that so we might  
Rise through the morning mists and revel in the  
light!

E. W. H.

Q. HORATII  
FLACCI HAILEYBURIENSIS.

LIB. II. CARM. X.

(Ad Licinium, in mediâ scholâ alumnum. Hujus carminis  
sententias pari misericordiâ ac contemptu dignemur.)

LÆTIUS vives, Licini, nec ima  
Semper urgendo, neque dum procellas  
Cantus horrescis domini, premendo  
Culmina classis.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret exsecratis  
Lineis, sudore caret parandi  
Omnia pensa.

Versibus multis oneratur alta  
Classis, et prosâ nimiâ; minæque  
Decidunt illic graviore casu  
Suppliciumque.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
Alteram sortem benè regulata  
Mens. An imponit tibi pœnam? At idem  
Sæpe magister.

Summovet. Non si malè nunc, et olim  
Sic erit. Quondam puero tacenti  
Doctor ignoscit, neque semper artes  
Sentit iniquas.

Inscius pensorum, animosus atque  
Fortis appare: sapienter idem  
Contrahe linguâ nimis eruditâ  
"Turgida" verba.

OCYUS.

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### INDIA ALE v. INDIAN IDOLS.

WHAT, worship idols now? Tis clear  
Sir Wilfred Lawson thinks we ought;  
He'd rob us of our jug o' beer,  
And give instead a *Fug-o'-nought*.

B.

## NAPOLEON.

FORMED, felt, and fallen in an hour!  
So swift the sliding meteor flashes,  
So long 'mid steadier stars has power;  
So fades and faints to fireless ashes.

A noise went out among the nations,  
A sound was bruited forth on earth;  
Men heard and feared with expectations;  
The years had given Napoleon birth.

He rose, he ruled, he racked the land;  
He grew, and grasped the name of great;  
Men's souls turned fire beneath his hand,  
To do and dare in spite of fate.

He fell; and we who live to-day  
Saw but the reflex of his glory;  
It lingered, lessened, passed away,  
And leaves the world—a name for story!

B. N.

E

## CYCNIASMA.

STILL onward, downward, to the sea  
 Of Life I'm floating ever;  
 Through shade and shine, through gloom and glee,  
 On boyhood's deepening river.

'Tis long since, 'mid the pleasant hills  
 That nurse the narrow stream,  
 Fed on each side by laughing rills,  
 I woke as from a dream.

With what a joy I forward pressed  
 To each new headland viewed;  
 With what a joy new pleasures guessed—  
 Old past—to be pursued.

Now with what lingering looks I turn  
 To scenes I'm flying fast;  
 With what vain agony I yearn  
 For those fair scenes o'erpast.

And all my love, and all the days  
 That flew unheeded by,  
 Seen in that radiant amber haze,  
*Twice worth futurity.*

God grant that, though the kindly shores  
That pent till now my way,  
And kept me ever to my course  
I soon shall leave for aye ;

And though no sun there be to guide,  
And tempests shroud the sky,  
No clouds the star of Faith may hide  
From the worn seaman's eye ;

May that bright star for ever shine  
Amid the sky o'ercast,  
And lead me by its light divine  
To heaven and home at last.

B. W. F.



# “AVE VALEQUE.”

SEEN for a moment in the northern twilight,  
 Seen for a moment in the hurrying mail,  
 Wonderful fair face gleaming thro' the dull night  
 Marvellously beautiful, delicately pale—

You only saw the glitter and the fire glow,  
 Shed from the furnace on the lonely pines,  
 Only saw the rugged granite of the hills shew  
 Soft in the darkness of their shadowy lines.

But to me the vision of one unforgotten  
 Came as I looked on the azure of your eyes,  
 And to me an old love, of the new begotten,  
 Came like a roseflush on the morning skies.

Yes, for a brief space, musical and magic  
 Echoes of the old voice lingered in the new,  
 Then the dreary present, desolate and tragic,  
 Hid the golden shadow from my anxious view.

Sweet face, forgive me if I dared to linger,  
 Murmuring a secret that I dared not tell,  
 Fear not the hand that harmless touched your  
 finger,

Sweet face I bid thee, e'en for aye, farewell!

L. M. S.

TO THE  
MEMORY OF JOHN STUART MILL.

O LIFELONG pilgrim to a nobler shrine  
Than e'er was knee'd by trembling worshipper!  
No thrall to visionary hope or fear,  
But in the calm of sovereign thought divine,

Thou madest Truth thy temple; she did shine  
O'er the arid leagues that led thy feet to her,  
And now thou art entered in; but we stand here  
Halting—not helpless, for these tracks are thine.

O great believer! who hadst faith to dare  
What all men dream of—faith to bring more nigh  
The far-off kingdom for which all men sigh,

Even to the sunless hollows of Despair  
Thou hast brought light, and space, and liberty,  
As of the mountains and the mountain-air.

J. R.

## THE ISLAND AND THE BIRD.

AN island lay in a lonely sea,  
And in the island grew one tree;  
And the waves in the caves of the island groaned,  
And the breeze in the tree's thick branches  
moaned:

And this was the groaning and this the moaning—

“Alone, alone; all, all alone;

For ever and ever alone, alone.”

But a bird flew over the lonely sea,  
And built a nest in the island tree,  
And in the nest brown eggs laid she,  
And the brown eggs turned to brown birds three;  
And the waves in the caves of the island rang,  
And the breeze in the tree's thick branches sang:  
And this was the ringing and this the singing—

“Alone no more, though alone so long;

To us is come the spirit of song;

The lonely sea our comfort brings;

The lonely isle is full of wings;

And the lonely tree has a voice and sings.”

A. F.

## THE POWER OF SILENCE.

**THERE** is an eloquence more deep than aught  
That statesmen's polished periods can render,  
An eloquence of heart, than that of voice  
More true, more tender.

We feel it, when in some sequestered glade,  
In which a mountain streamlet has its birth,  
We watch the rippling wavelets as they form  
In noiseless mirth.

Its spell is on us, when the organ peal  
Down the long aisle comes faintly, fades, and  
fails ;  
Or when October's stilly calm succeeds  
Rude autumn gales.

'Tis Silence. Let not Secrecy or Stealth  
Be with the sacred quality confounded ;  
Disguise is found in speech, in plighted faith  
Distrust is grounded.

Affection, never vented in mere words ;  
A mutual sympathy, still unexpressed ;  
These sway the heart, but half their charm takes  
flight,

When once expressed,

LEGION.

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## THE GLACIER.

Look at yon glacier—mark you how it sleeps  
Fair in the moonlight pillowed on the breast  
Of yonder snowy slope in perfect rest ?  
Mark you how pure it is, how undefiled,  
Yea even as the nature of a child ?  
Lo ! fair yet growing filthy on it creeps,  
Till round yon mountain-shoulder with a bend  
Deep scored by many an ugly rent it leaps  
Foul and unsightly plunging to its end !  
How passing strange—yet many a life there is  
And many in the midst of us like this.

Q.

## THE GLADIATORS.

Now at the silver trumpet's peal,  
 Fling wide the portals; in they wheel,  
 A threatening mass of glittering steel.

Strong may each hand be,

Steady each eye;

Soft may the sand be,

Where they must die.

Listen to their shout triumphant,  
 Strangely mournful, yet triumphant,  
 "Ave Cæsar te salutant,

Morituri."

Before the monarch's throne they bow—  
 No shade of fear shows on their brow,  
 Undaunted souls are their's, I trow.

Dry let your eyes be,

Maidens, nor weep;

Hushed let your sighs be

Where warriors must sleep.

They love fighting more than plunder,  
Now with shouts of drowning thunder,  
Cleave they iron shields asunder,  
Roused to fury.

'Tis silence now, for all is o'er,  
The din of arms is heard no more,  
The yellow sand is red with gore.  
Dry let your eyes be,  
Maidens, nor weep;  
Hushed let your sighs be  
Where warriors sleep.  
Hushed is the battle,  
When all fight for life;  
Unheard is the rattle  
Of arms in the strife.

INFANS.

“OHNE HAST, ABER OHNE RAST.”

RESTLESS, panting, struggling brother,  
Whither hurriest so fast?  
This life o'er, hast thou no other?  
Is this hour then thy last?

Hark! around thee angels whisper,  
'Hasten not to snatch the prize,  
Deem not here thy worktime ended,  
In eternity it lies.'

Seek not in the past thy guidance,  
Nor the living 'mid the dead;  
Gaze on through the golden future,  
To the stars uplift thy head.

Weary brother, rest thee never,  
Strong in labour, strong in pain!  
For the work thou hast Forever,  
And the infinite to gain.

H. G.



## CAWNPORE.

FAR 'neath the Indian sun a city stands,  
Where the broad Ganges slakes his thirsty sands:  
Strange temples there and mosques of marble rise,  
And lofty minarets soar to burning skies.  
There from of old proud chiefs have held their  
    reign,

And piled to heaven the monumental fane,  
And warrior kings won many a doubtful throne,  
Their deeds unchronicled, their names unknown.  
But now her fame descends to after-time  
For ever darkened with a cloud of crime;  
Still on her brow must rest the brand of shame,  
"Cawnpore," for ever be a hated name!  
And quivering lips to tingling ears shall tell  
Of that dark slaughter-house and silent well.

Long in blind pride and perilous repose  
England, all heedless, ruled a race of foes;  
In the light dance she wore the night away,  
And with new joys beguiled the burning day;  
Or, 'mid submissive courts adjudged the case,  
As victors use among a conquered race.

So from the hour when India first was won  
Her careless Western kings had lived and done ;  
Nor in that hundredth winter could appear  
A trace of danger, or a thought of fear.  
So on the lava's crust men till the vine,  
And tread the grape, and quaff the ruddy wine,  
Till the volcano rends the treacherous ground ;  
The flame bursts forth, and ruin reigns around.

But with the spring came rumours dark and  
dread ;

Through every hut had passed the mystic bread ;  
And prophecies were heard of dire import,  
And whispered words with deadliest meaning  
fraught.

Then all too soon more certain tidings came  
Of war and murder, massacre and flame.  
Then dreams of joy give place to war's alarms,  
And for the dance resounds the din of arms.  
In haste they dig them in the open ground  
A shallow trench, a low and narrow mound,  
Well nigh too scant to fence a farmer's field,  
And this their children and their wives to shield.  
But still a breathless pause precedes the strife,  
A short reprieve, a moment's peaceful life ;  
So, ere the tempest bursts upon the hill,  
Calm reigns on high, and all the air is still ;  
Till from the cloud the pent-up lightnings flash,  
And far resounding peals the thunder crash.

Now round the fort the eager sepoy close—  
Eager, yet daring not to face their foes;—  
For barely sheltered by that trench's shield,  
A band there knelt that ne'er had learnt to yield,  
And with their races, steadfast heart and sure,  
Had equal strength to dare and to endure.

But who the horrors of that siege can tell?  
How sank their hope as each dear comrade fell,  
How the rude rampart scarcely could avail  
To shield their dying from the bullet's hail.  
Still all day long the fierce bombardment roars;  
It's iron death the frequent cannon pours,  
And the besieged, with feeble fire and slow,  
Scarce answer back the tempest of the foe.  
No pause, no respite breaks the deadly strife,  
While daily lessening wanes the hope of life;  
Undaunted still they hold their ruined post,  
Feeble and few, a handful 'gainst a host.  
But there are foes that courage cannot tame,  
More fell than bullets, and more fierce than flame.  
Now famine holds the fort, and in his train  
Disease and fever swell the list of slain.  
Ah! see before their eyes fair women fade,  
Themselves the while bereft of power to aid:  
Hark! 'tis the dying children's cry for food,  
Or water only to be bought with blood.  
Such horrors sap the courage of the brave,  
And bid them trust the sepoy's word to save.

For now the foe their blacker arts essay,  
And treachery gains where arms had lost the day.  
See from the camp a mournful column wind,  
They leave the long-defended ditch behind:  
How few, alas! of those who entered there,  
Now quit the fortress rightly named "Despair."  
Yet rather blest the lot of those that died—  
In battle and till death the foe defied—  
Than their's who trusted to the Nana's word,  
And on his plighted faith resigned the sword.  
And now they reach the stream; along the shore  
The boats are ranged, at last the danger's o'er.  
But the fell signal with that instant came,  
The rifle spoke, forth burst the hidden flame;  
On every side rushed forth the line of foes,  
From every bush a hidden traitor rose.  
Then in their last despair the scanty band  
Dash at the boats, or cower along the strand.  
Then screams of terror rend the burning air,  
With curses mingled, and with words of prayer.  
Some 'mid the bloodstained stream for shelter hide,  
And seek from waves the mercy men denied;  
Some rush in wild despair upon the foe,  
And wreak their vengeance in a dying blow:  
Unpitying still that foe their bullets pour,  
Still strew with corpses all the fatal shore.  
Till wearied out at length they cease to slay,  
At length relieve the remnant of their prey.

Reprieve more cruel than an instant death,  
In deadly fear to draw each moment's breath;  
Crowded together in a narrow room,  
'Mid felon's hardships, worse than dungeon's gloom:  
To breathe the air at haughty tyrant's word,  
Lest swift disease should balk his thirsty sword:  
To learn the bitter lot of hope deferred,  
Until their comrades' distant guns were heard.  
Then when awakening hope gave worth to life,  
To perish by the base assassin's knife!  
Such the reprieve that sepoy hearts prepared,  
For that poor remnant pitilessly spared.

But, hark! now nearer booms the avenging gun;  
They come! They come! the weary march is done!  
" 'Tis but a little band,"—but Havelock leads  
A hero heroes to heroic deeds:  
See the stern line hurls back the sepoy throng,  
In numbers weak, in hope and courage strong.  
Still on they press, the coward rebels fly,  
Their's is no cause for which a man may die.  
Still onward, onward, are they yet in time  
To save the captives? To avert the crime?  
Too late,—they conquer but their comrades' grave,  
In time for vengeance, but too late to save.  
'Tis o'er! they pass within the fatal room;  
'Tis silence all, the silence of the tomb.  
A few dark clots of blood upon the floor;  
A few torn shreds of clothing steeped in gore;

A few brief words traced faintly on the wall;  
To tell their anguish, and for vengeance call:  
An infant's toy half severed by the sword;  
A sabre's dint upon the blood-stained board;  
And, saddest witness of the slaughter there,  
The long dark tresses of a woman's hair;  
These sad remains the fatal story tell,  
These and a pool of blood beside the well;  
And darkly seen in the dim gloom beneath,  
Motionless corpses all confused in death.  
These are the sights that meet the soldiers' eyes,  
Their valour's guerdon and their vict'ry's prize.  
The memories these that brand with deathless  
    shame,  
The tale of Cawnpore, and the Nana's name.  
That bid each cheek grow pale, each bosom swell,  
At the chance mention of the fatal well.

J. R. B.

Q. HORATII  
FLACCI HAILEYBURIENSIS.

LIB. iii. CARM. 13.

"Ad pontem asinorum."

VITRO pons asinorum insidiosior,  
Æquis (ut perhibent) non sine cruribus,  
Cras tentaberis hædo,<sup>1</sup>  
Cui mens turbida per scholam  
Primam<sup>2</sup> cum domino prælia destinat;  
Frustra: nam calidas inficiet genas  
Salso flumine tiro  
Lascivus mediæ scholæ.  
Me flagrans et atrox hora, Paratio,  
Nescit tangere, sed pensum inamabile  
Fessis vespere præbes  
Discendum pueris vagis.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. q. puero.

<sup>2</sup> Verte "First Lesson."

<sup>3</sup> "Vagis" *Anglice* "out of preparation."

Fies flebilium tu quoque pontium,<sup>1</sup>  
Me scribente dolis impositas tuis  
Pænas, unde fugaces  
Quamprimum exsiliunt pedes.

SÆPIUS.

---

<sup>1</sup> Respiciendum Hoodii carmen, cui titulis "The Bridge of Sighs."



## THE FIRST SWALLOW.

HERALD of sunny days come o'er the sea,  
 Rise and droop,  
 Flash and stoop,  
 Far on the lea!

There is sweetness and light in the winter sun,  
 Wherefore go  
 When you know  
 Summer is done?

Stay with us longer—wheel while you may  
 Round the pool,  
 Where 'tis cool,  
 All through the day.

Thou art not the fairest in feather or voice,  
 Nor can I  
 Tell thee why  
 Thou art my choice—

Save that I pray that my spirit shall be  
 Light of wing,  
 Through this spring,  
 Swallow, like thee.

QUIVIS.

*Ἀρκετὸν τῇ ἡμέρᾳ.*

A BOY upon a bed of roses,  
 Rich-scented of sweet summer hours,  
 His tender eyelids gently closes,  
 And sleeps, a flower among the flowers.

A girl upon a bed of lilies,  
 Only less white than is her whiteness:  
 And scented of faint daffodillies,  
 Sleeps lily-bright 'mid lilies' brightness.

Ah, let them sleep their gentle slumber,  
 And dream while yet is time for dreaming;  
 While yet no cares their spirits cumber,  
 No sorrows dim their bright day's gleaming!

He dreams of love: the flower of lovers  
 Lends its soft petals for his lying:  
 The scent of love around him hovers,  
 And day in hues of love is dying.

She dreams of girlhood's simple gladness :  
On girlhood's pure flower she is sleeping,  
Whose scent, too faint for bliss or sadness,  
With simple sweets her sense is steeping.

So let them sleep, so leave them dreaming !  
Nay, rouse them not, 'tis not the hour !  
They must awake with morning's gleaming,  
Unfold to daylight like the flower.

God sees not as we see ; the flowers  
He wakes not for the night's adorning ;  
Let them sleep on their peaceful hours !  
God shall awake them with His morning.

A. F. A. F.

## A VOICE FROM THE NEW FOREST.

We are oak-trees old, that have long endured,  
Under sun and moon, in the wind and rain ;  
Not above ground may our like be found—  
So many ages of pride and pain.

We cannot remember what stars waxed wan,  
What flowers flushed red as the dawn rose up,  
Or if any bird sang, when first we sprang  
From the rent ripe egg of the acorn-cup ;

But silently over us gloomed and grew  
The sense of an unseen canopy ;  
And hot hushed days in the woodland ways  
Were startled at times by a stormy cry :

For centuries since, as in some far dream,  
We heard the hounds bay and the bugle blow ;  
The hart fell dead on the leaves we shed  
Hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

From Spring to Fall, and from year to year,

Lonely we stand and alone have stood,

Never a tree so lone as we

In the heart of the woodland solitude ;

For the air above and the earth beneath,

The grass, the wonderful insects' wings,

Even we ourselves seem strange to ourselves,

Strange the forms of all living and lifeless  
things ;

The birds and the flowers that caress our feet,

Or carol about us and so pass by,

Back to the earth that gave them birth,

Mute and quenched of their fire and their  
minstrelsy ;

And the vain generations of toiling man,

Whose days are so few and so clamorous,

All, all are changed that round us ranged,

But the same sad moon looking down on us.

Yea, deeper yet, 'neath the dry dead hours,

Deeper and deeper we search, and see !

Whose locks are these, wave white in the breeze,

'Mid the pomp of an high solemnity ?

Ah! the murmured rites of the mystic ones,  
With slow procession and chanted prayers!  
Young were we then by the hoary men,  
The priests of the grove, the star-gazers.

Lo! these, upon earth that have left no peer,  
With hushed pale lip and with trembling limb,  
Even these stood in awe as they heard and saw  
The sights and sounds of the forest dim;

Lowly they bowed them when Summer burned  
O'er the dark of our pillared aisles divine;  
Deep was their grief at the falling leaf,  
For the rent green roof of their ruined shrine.

And still are we sacred, and round us clings  
The misletoe mighty to ban or bless;  
Its spell is not dead nor its virtue fled,  
Though steeped in a dark forgetfulness.

And still are we kings, though man disdain,  
Though Winter discrown us in wild revolt,  
Though the arrows of the air make flame our  
hair,  
And our zones be scorched with the thunder-  
bolt.

Wherefore go forth, make known to men,  
O wind, thou voice of the silent wood,  
The hearts of oak and the words they spoke  
From the depth of the old-world solitude—

“We smile at your pity, your pride we scorn,  
That were, and that are, and are yet to be;  
And we bid you revere and leave us here,  
Alone with our immortality.”

ΔΡΥΣ.

## THE TRUE LIFE.

An oar on the river,  
A sail on the sea,  
A bow and a quiver,  
The life of the free.

No beast on the mountain  
Pursuing its prey ;  
No fish in the fountain  
Or river at play ;

No deer on the prairie,  
No bird in the grove,  
Has pleasure more airy,  
Of life greater love.

---

Yes, bright is the fountain,  
The forest is free,  
And the breeze on the mountain  
Blows salt from the sea ;



And man may have driven

All sorrow away;

But life—was it given

For pleasure and play?

Or is such true pleasure,

Such life the most blest?

Will it win heaven's treasure,

Will it reach heaven's rest?

W. F. B.

## THE PROPOSAL OF A PEDAGOGUE.

COME, sweet one, come, oh! grant a synizesis  
     'Neath yon cool shade;  
 Ah, why that murm'ring aposiopesis,  
     Rubescent maid?

Think'st thou I fear a cruel anacoluthon,  
     Our loves to burst?  
 Still, still unbroken flow our blissful youth on,  
     As at the first!

Hence, Tmesis, hence all ye that spoil and sever!  
     Out, baleful crew!  
 Hail, Crasis! mingle thou our lives for ever!  
     And Zeugma too!

Hypallage shall give thee all my chattels,  
     And thine to me;  
 And Litotes avert connubial battles  
     'Twixt me and thee.

Then seal our hopes of happiness supernal,  
     Proleptic kiss;  
 And may our wedlock turn out an eternal  
     Hendiadys.

B.

## CARMEN HAILEYBURIENSE.

ADSIS, Musa, canentibus,  
 Læta voce canentibus,  
     Longos clara per annos  
 Haileyburia floreat.

Quâ placens aditus Domûs  
 Inter castaneas patet  
     Hinc illinc viridantes,  
 Haileyburia floreat.

Quâ vos, heu! trepidum gregem,  
 Primum porticus excipit,  
     Cum 'custode benigno,  
 Haileyburia floreat.

Quâ quadrangulus ambitus  
 Scrupeo (at procul, o procul  
     Gressus este profani!)  
 Claudit limite cæspitem;

---

<sup>1</sup> Nempe Dorsetius innuitur: 'jam Senior, sed cruda viro viridisque senectus.'

Per conclavia quâ frequens  
Musa, non sine gratiis,  
    Vitam alit juvenilem,  
Haileyburia floreat.

Latum quâ Super aggerem,  
(Nostræ grande decus Domûs)  
    Rident sole columnæ,  
Haileyburia floreat.

Pallas scilicet huc vagans  
Esse hic, esse tamen suas  
    Crederet bene Athenas!  
Haileyburia floreat.

Quâ pilam revolubilem  
Pelli nunc pede nunc manu  
    Campus novit uterque,  
Haileyburia floreat.

Quâ piscina natantibus  
Præbet frigus amabile,  
    Præbet grata salutem,  
Haileyburia floreat.

Quâ (sed, Musa, pudet loqui!)  
Vicinam fremit improba  
    Circum turba popinam,  
Haileyburia floreat.

O virtutibus indolem  
Masculis docili gregi  
Augeat, colat, ornet!  
Haileyburia floreat.

Felix prole suâ, viris  
Felix qui patriam colant,  
Qui Deum venerentur,  
Haileyburia floreat.

—  
—

Et nos, quotquot eunt dies,  
Lætâ voce precabimur  
Ter, quater resonabimus,  
Lætâ voce iterabimus,  
O dilecta, canentes,  
Haileyburia floreat.

E. H. B.

THE END.



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